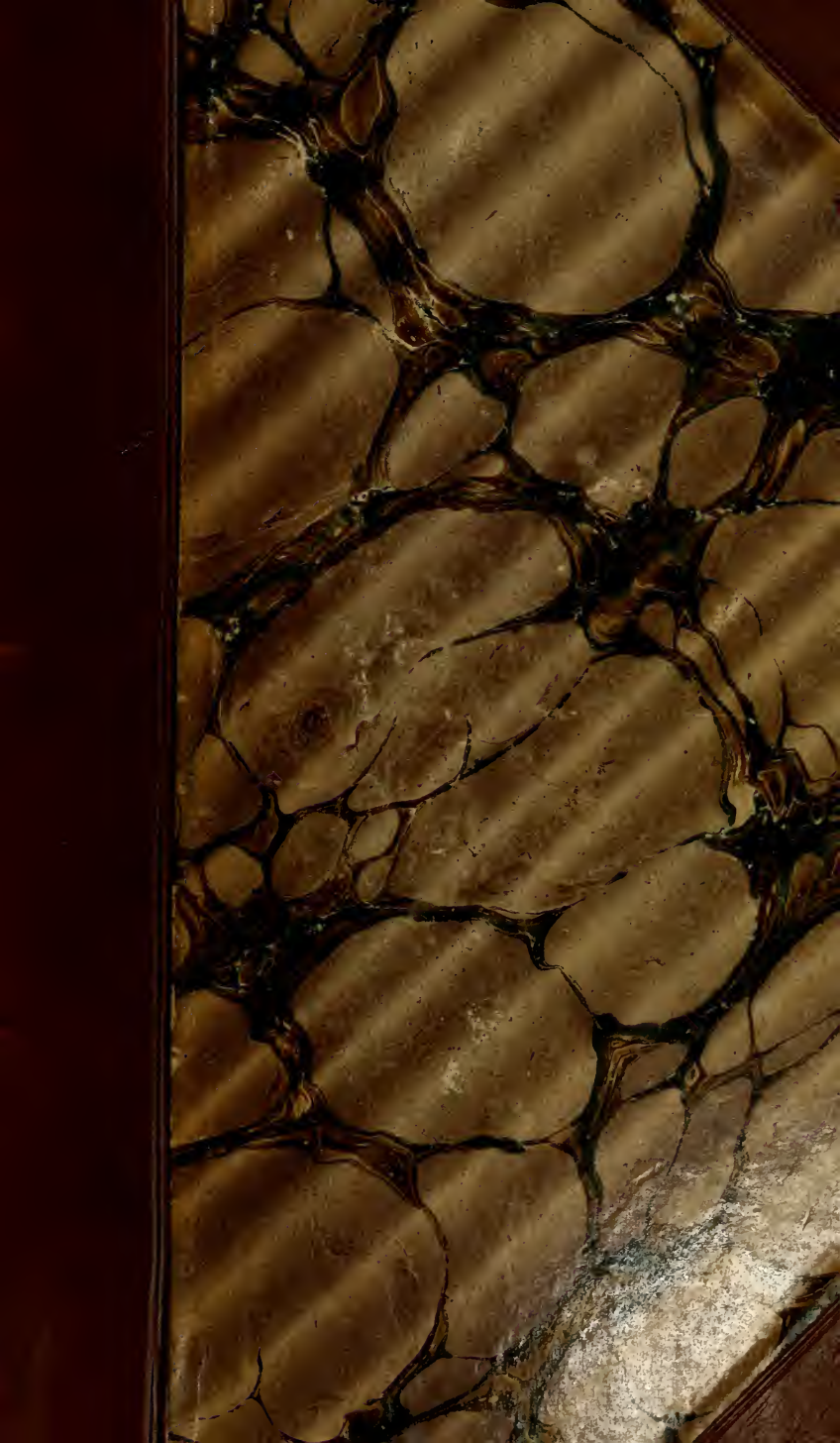

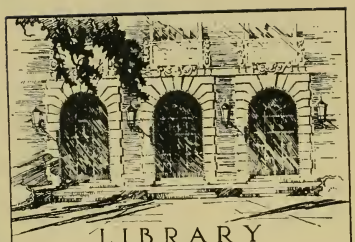

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THE WORK OF CHRIST

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA

A Letter

TO THE REV.

H. P. LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L.

CANON OF ST. PAUL'S
AND IRELAND PROFESSOR OF EXEGESIS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

BY THE REV.

J. P. FARLER, B.A.

ST. JOHN'S COLL, CAMBRIDGE
MISSIONARY IN CENTRAL AFRICA, AND CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP STEERE

RIVINGTONS
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON
Magdalen Street, Oxford; Trinity Street, Cambridge
MDCCCLXXVIII

A LETTER

DEAR DR. LIDDON,

In our conversation about the Universities' Mission in Central Africa, you expressed the opinion that in order to attract the practical sympathies of English Churchpeople, it was desirable to furnish some information respecting the work of the mission in a less statistical and "dry" form than that which missionary reports are wont to assume of necessity. If you will allow me I will try to do this, by telling you what I can about our work, in the form of a letter to yourself, in the hope that it may attract the attention of young men and others with whom you are thrown in contact in London and Oxford.

It is not, I hope, wrong to say, that at the present time the Central African Mission takes a foremost place in point of importance, at least in one respect.

In all other missions of the Christian Church we are contending either with heathenism and barbarism, such as we find in South Africa, America, and the Islands of the Pacific, which must in time give way to civilisation and the truths of Christianity; or with ancient and

established religious systems, such as face us in India, China, or Japan, where all active propagandism has ceased, and where Christianity alone is aggressive.

Now in Central Africa *we are fighting against time.* Islam, which is a decaying faith in other parts of the world, is in Central Africa most active and aggressive. Side by side with our Christian missions, Moslem missionaries are hard at work teaching a faith which cannot contribute anything of value to the happiness of mankind.

The Sultan of Zanzibar and all the ruling personages in Zanzibar, are Muscat Arabs of the Ibathi sect—a kind of Moslem puritans closely allied to the Wahabees of Central Arabia, and the Shiias of Persia—and they are regarded by the orthodox Sunnis of Mecca as heterodox. On the other hand, all the middle classes and the lower orders belong to the orthodox Sunni, like the Turks and Egyptians. There is a great rivalry between these two divisions of the Moslem world in Zanzibar, each party having its own mosques, and refusing to worship together. The Ibathi despises the Sunni as unclean and forsaken of Allah, because he regards the "Sunnah," or "Traditional Law," as of equal authority with the Kurân, because he smokes tobacco, drinks spirits occasionally, and will touch a dog—these things being abominations in the sight of the Ibathi. The Sunni, for his part, hates the Ibathi as one who has departed from the unity of the faith, who uses a ritual of his own at prayer,

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and who is incorrect in his method of ablution, and, worse than all, who is regarded by the Sheik of Mecca as little better than an infidel! This antagonism, by developing a sectarian competition, may perhaps have something to do with the activity of the coast Mohammedans of Zanzibar in proselytising among the East Central African tribes.

On all sides we are met by signs that the stagnation of Africa is past. The trading, exploring, and missionary expeditions, that have penetrated into all parts of Central Africa, have opened the eyes of the natives to their ignorance, backwardness and weakness. Bishop Steere's long labours upon the languages of the coast and interior have now become a great power for good in all ways, and particularly for his new recruits. Ready to our hand are books both religious and educational, especially the greater portion of the Holy Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer. Under his superintendence these have been produced by the Mission Press, and have been carried by the English exploring and missionary parties through the length and breadth of the land. The Bishop's own long journeys to visit powerful chiefs, and to prepare for mission stations, together with the journeys of the different members of the mission in preaching tours, have set the natives thinking, and made them feel the emptiness of their own religion, or rather the want of religion. Even the very antagonism of the Moham-

medans to Christianity has done good in its way, by arousing the natives out of their lethargic state with regard to religion, and making them enquire into the differences between Christianity and Islam. At present they look upon these two systems as rivals with equal claims to their attention. Of the two they prefer Islam, because it will cause the least alteration in their "*desturi*" or customs, sanctioning as it does slavery and polygamy, requiring no change of heart or life, but only an outward ritual observance of the forms of prayer, and a profession of the creed of Islam,—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." Christianity, on the other hand, completely overthrows their "*desturi*," insists upon the abandonment of slavery and polygamy, a complete change of heart, and the keeping of the moral law of God.

But although the African prefers Islam to Christianity as a religious system, he at the same time greatly prefers the Englishman to the Arab. The Arab cheats him, enslaves him, and despises him. The Englishman treats him fairly and courteously, and uses every effort to destroy slavery and set him free, for no profit to himself, but only from feelings of humanity: in short, while the African hates and fears the Arab, he has learned to love and respect the Englishman.

Central Africa has a great future before it; its soil is the most fertile in the world, and it produces without cultivation some of the most valuable articles of commerce. Its people are fairly intelli-

gent, when we consider the untold centuries of barbarism and ignorance through which they have passed. Many of the natives are capable, even now, of receiving a high-class education; and as far as my own experience goes, they are gentle, affectionate, grateful, and lovable.

Bishop Steere is constantly receiving applications from native chiefs for missionaries. His character as a man of God has spread far into the interior.

A short time ago—indeed, the day before I left Zanzibar — an agent of Mirambo, king of Unyamwezi, arrived, bringing a request to Bishop Steere that a missionary might be sent to him, and offering his support and assistance in introducing Christianity among his people.

Mirambo is king of one of the largest of the central African nations; he maintains a standing army of 40,000 men, and has invariably defeated the Arabs whenever they have ventured to attack him: his name is familiar to all readers of recent African travels.

Kibanga, the king of Usambara, and a friend of mine, whose country adjoins Ubondei Magila, where I have been working, has many times asked that we should send him a missionary; while the Wakalindi, Wadigo, Wazegula, Wazaramo, and the Nyassa tribes, have all begged Bishop Steere to send them English teachers. The Bishop has visited Mataka, a powerful chief near Lake Nyassa, and made the necessary arrangements for a mission station near his capital, the largest town

Livingstone said he had ever seen in Africa. But, alas! he has not yet been able to fulfil his promise for want of a volunteer.

The whole future of Central Africa is now trembling in the balance. The Africans will not remain as they are; they are seeking for a religion, and they will have one. They are calling to England for teachers, even begging for men to teach them the faith of Christ. The false faith of Islam is at their door, they have not yet accepted it; but if through lack of men with the Apostolic spirit, the English Church is unable to answer their appeal for missionaries, they have no alternative, they must accept Islam. Once let the nations of Central Africa become Mohammedan, and in all probability they will be lost to Christianity, civilisation, and freedom for ever. It is now for England's Church and England's Universities to decide, whether Central Africa shall be Christian, free, progressive, and civilised; or Mohammedan, enslaved, stagnant, and barbarous. It is an undisputed fact, as so unprejudiced a witness as Mr. Palgrave writes, in the August number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Sooner or later the nation that casts in its lot with Islam is stricken as by a blight; its freshness, its plasticity, disappear first, then its vigour, then its reparative and reproductive power, and it petrifies or perishes."

The work of every individual missionary at the present time in the Central African Mission will have an inconceivable effect upon the future of Africa. There it is in the power of every true and

earnest Christian clergyman to be the founder of national churches, and to be the converter of whole nations to the faith of Christ. The nature of the work is the most interesting I can conceive. I have been frequently asked if I did not find the life very dull and monotonous; far from this being so, the hours seem to pass only too quickly for the day's work. Besides my direct missionary work, I have had to fulfil the duties of doctor, builder, farmer, magistrate, general common sense adviser, and in some cases even banker for the country. Let me give you some account of our daily doings.

I left England with a party of five young laymen in February, 1875, in obedience to what I believed and still believe to be a decisive token of God's will that I should enter on missionary work. I remained a few months in Zanzibar; and in the following June, Bishop Steere took me to Magila —a station rather more than 100 miles from Zanzibar—together with a young layman, John Henry Moss, who after two years' work of singular devotion and earnestness fell asleep in Christ. Magila had been attempted by previous missionaries, but, from various causes, with no apparent success, and eighteen months had now elapsed since the last missionary had left. There was not a Christian in the place, and when Bishop Steere had taken leave of me, I felt a sense of desolation unlike any I had ever before experienced. However, the great interest of the work, and the sense of God's protecting care, soon dissipated this feel-

ing; and accompanied by Mr. Moss, and Acland Sahera, (a young native, educated in our schools at Zanzibar, who acted as interpreter,) we commenced preaching tours in the neighbouring towns and villages. The people everywhere received us with delight. At the first sermon, a Mohammedan chief who was paying a visit to a friend of his in the town, was very much struck with the doctrine of the Atonement; he returned with us to the mission station, and attended our evensong, which was said in Swahili. He said he had never conceived such a beautiful service, and he afterwards invited us to preach in his own town, half a day's journey from Magila. Before we had been working a year at Magila, our influence had extended far beyond our own country.

One day two men came to see me from Bamba, a country two or three days' journey to the north of Magila, to enquire about our God. Their brother, who had been ill for many years, had lately had a relapse, and when they brought the Uganga (medicine) man to beat the pepo (spirit) drum to frighten away the evil spirit which was supposed to be tormenting him, he protested, and said he only wanted to know the true God which the white men preached. We told them the story of the Cross, and asked them to keep Sunday holy, and pray every day to God through Jesus Christ. They replied, "It is good news, this love of God for us poor people; our sick brother will be very happy."

Shortly afterwards, a messenger came from the

king of Usambara, whom I had never seen, saying that he and his half-brother the king of Ukalindi, had been fighting since the death of Kimweri, their father, ten years ago; they were tired of war, and both wished for peace; but mutually distrusting each other, they did not know how to meet, and arrange the terms of peace. They both trusted the missionary; and if I would come and meet them, my presence would be a guarantee against treachery on either side. I appointed to meet them at Msasa, a border town of Usambara. We arrived in the evening after a long day's walk, but from the beauty and variety of the scenery and flora, a very delightful one. On all sides towered the mountains from 3000 to 4000 feet above us, and clothed with trees to their very summits; down their sides dashed waterfalls sparkling in the sunlight, and strewing the air as though with diamond dust. Through the valleys rushed the rivers with waters clear and cold; and on their banks were fields of yellow rice and golden maize. Here and there were villages embowered in graceful palm trees; and everywhere we saw beautiful ferns, trees, and flowers, unknown to Europe. We found Msasa situated on the summit of a high mountain; the view was magnificent, and the sharp mountain air most invigorating, while the scent from the blossoms of the numerous orange trees was very sweet.

Next morning the grand council was held. In a circle outside of it, great numbers of people assembled to know whether at last they were to have

the blessing of peace. After a little conversation, I made a speech to the chiefs. I said that God must be very angry to see brother fighting with brother, and spoke about the wickedness of war, and the misery it caused. The people shouted, "True, most true." After the terms of peace had been settled, the chiefs shook hands, and then everyone sat down to a feast. Later, I preached to them of the life to come, and the love of God.

Before leaving, Kibanga, the king of Usambara, asked us to send a mission to his people, and invited us to go for a tour through the country with him, and select a suitable place for a mission station. I was obliged to tell him that we had neither the man to send, nor the funds to support a mission in his country. He is still ready to receive a missionary, if a clergyman will offer himself for the work.

One day, after I had been preaching at a town called Kilimani, the chief arose and said to his people, "You know that I am a Mohammedan, and have been so for a long time, yet the Mohammedans of Pangani taught me very little about their religion; now the Englishman comes and tells us all about his religion, and although we do not do as he wishes, yet he still comes. He must be in earnest, and his religion a good one. I shall go next Sunday, and listen to his words, and learn all I can about it." This man, although not yet a Christian, has so far broken with Islam, that he will sit at table with us, and eat meat killed and cooked by Christians. Another Mohammedan,

living at the same town, came the next morning to the mission station, and offered himself as a catechumen. He and all his children are now baptized Christians.

About this time we were constantly annoyed by some Mohammedans who lived at a large frontier town called Umba, between us and the coast, in which they had built a mosque.

As our people went backwards and forwards to the coast, these Mohammedans insulted them, and mocked at Christianity. We determined therefore to hold a three days' mission there. So we went and pitched our tent in the middle of the town, and announced our intention of staying there three days, and preaching to them every evening. The old chief, who was very friendly, said we might do so; but as it was the full moon, everyone would be dancing, and he did not think we should have anyone to listen to us.

In the evening we lit a fire before the tent, and commenced by singing a hymn. This attracted a few people, and we preached to them on the Immortality of the soul, the Judgment, and the Life to come. The numbers gradually increased, even the Mohammedans listened attentively, and after we had finished, several remained until eleven o'clock asking questions. The next evening many more attended, and we preached on the Fall and the Redemption. The statement that "Christ is God," created quite an uproar on the part of the Mohammedans, but the elders ordered them to be silent. At the end of the sermon many said they

believed our words. Upon being asked whether they only said this with their mouths, or whether they believed it with their hearts, they replied, "with our hearts." A large number remained for several hours asking questions about the life of Jesus.

On the last evening no dancers were left, all came to the preaching. The interest was intense, many people having come from other towns; for we had announced as the subject, "A contrast between the lives of Jesus and Mohammed." Whilst the evil and impure life of Mohammed was being contrasted with the holy and blessed life of Jesus, not a sound was heard. When we had finished, a man stepped forward and said, "We became Mohammedans because we had no religion, and the beach people came and taught us theirs; but we don't like them, for they cheat us, and if Christianity is better than Islam we will follow it." Acland Sahera my young native catechist, and myself, remained until past midnight answering questions, for nearly the whole of the people had remained to hear more. The next morning before leaving, the chief and principal men came to us and begged that we would send a teacher to live with them, and instruct them in the faith of Christ. One of our English laymen volunteered. At the present time the mosque is in ruins, and near it stands a Christian church, where prayers and praises to our Saviour daily ascend, and where on Sundays a devout congregation assembles to hear the Word of God.

In a letter I have just received from Magila, the Rev. H. W. Woodward tells me that he has recently visited Umba, and there he found a congregation of fifty natives assembled in the church for even-song, although it was a week-day evening only. Mr. Yorke is working well, and gaining a great influence over the people.

The wife of the chief, who had become a catechumen, was very ill; the Uganga man came to exorcise "Shetani," but Mr. Yorke withstood him at a great risk to himself, and drove him out of the house.

With some difficulty he procured the consent of the woman's relatives for her baptism. She was then baptised by the name of Maria. Shortly afterwards she died, and was buried as a Christian. This was the first Christian funeral seen in Umba.

In my note-book I find the following:—"Nov. 19th, 1876. Admitted to-day four catechumens. Poor Nyungu, who was to have been admitted to-day, did not appear at the service. At the eleventh hour he drew back. 'I cannot,' he said, 'give up my charms.' After this second lapse I fear his case is very doubtful."

Nyungu is an old man, the chief of a town called Ndumi, very near the mission station; and he was a very important man in the country, being the great medicine man and charm-maker. I sent for him the next morning, and asked him why he had not come to the service. He then said he could not become a Christian, he could

not give up his charms. He was the great Uganga man of the country; he cast out evil spirits, beat the drums for sickness, made charms and witchcraft against war; he was a chief because he was the Uganga man; the people gave him large presents of goats, sheep, fowls, and cloth, and showed him great respect. If he became a Christian all this must be given up, he would get no presents, and he would become poor and despised. The Christians were laughed at by their friends, and called sons of the white-man. He did not like that, he did not know what to do. I spoke to him very seriously, and he was moved. He promised that he would still attend the mission services and classes. I told him that after this second lapse I could not admit him to be a catechumen until he had shown his steadfastness by giving up his wicked trade, throwing away his charms, and publicly telling his people why he did so. Nyungu, after one more lapse through the opposition of his children and relations, was made a catechumen, and last February was baptised by the name of Solomon. He has been since then most earnest in denouncing the folly of trusting in charms and believing in witchcraft. All this has had so much effect upon the people that now a large part of the population of his town are either hearers or catechumens, while several are baptised, including one of his sons with his wife and all his children.

Finding that our Christians and catechumens were suffering a social persecution, and what is

far worse to an African, ridicule, being called "*waana mzungu*" (children of the white-man), I went with Acland Sahera to the place where the chief offenders lived, and after gathering a large number together, told them that the Christians were not "*waana mzungu*," but "*waana Muungu*," which means, children of God. These words have a very similar sound, and the idea was eagerly caught up by the Christians. After that they did not at all mind being called "*waana mzungu*," because it gave them the opportunity of explaining that they were "*waana Muungu*." The people were very attentive, and repudiated the mockers. The village blacksmith translated our words into the purest Bondei vernacular, so that everyone should thoroughly understand them. After this, a much better feeling towards the Christians sprang up, and they were again received into favour by all except the Mohammedans.

The year 1877 opened with an invasion of Magila by the Wazegula, a tribe to the south of Ubondei. All mission work was stopped, for the men had to go to meet the enemy. In a few days the Wabondeis came back; they had been completely defeated, and now the women and children commenced flying for safety into the forests. The towns were deserted, and the chiefs begged us to leave the mission station and go with them; for they said the enemy were rapidly approaching, and would be upon us in twenty-four hours. I told them that I should not leave the mission station; that the God whom we served would

protect us; and I was greatly surprised to see what little faith they had in the power of their charms and witchcraft against war, of which I saw so much at the entrance of all their towns. They looked very foolish, but still begged me to fly, for, they said, "many Wakalindi are with the Wazegula, and some of them whom we have taken prisoners have told us that they are coming to try and get the boxes full of dollars which they believe you have in the house." I replied, "I shall not run away, for I do not fear them." The next morning my people were in a state of great terror, for the enemy, after capturing a few stockaded towns in their route, were within six miles of the mission station, and there was nothing to prevent them from attacking us in a few hours. I told them that they should not be hurt, for I felt convinced that it would be possible to overawe these savages in some way, although I had not yet decided what to do. We now spent a short time of great anxiety, and I do not think any of us enjoyed our breakfasts that morning. Suddenly we heard firing in the distance, which sounded like a battle, although our people had so dispersed, that we could not imagine who could be engaging with the foe. At last a native came, and brought the good news that our friend Kibanga had suddenly fallen upon the enemy with a large force of Wasambara, and that they were already disheartened, and a few more hours would see their destruction or dispersion. Towards night we heard that Kibanga had completely defeated the Wazegula and Waka-

lindi, who were in full retreat, and that he had captured a large quantity of arms. The same messenger also said that Kibanga intended paying me a visit next morning.

Early the following morning, Kibanga arrived with his brother Mkange, and 200 men his body guard. The chiefs and their servants stayed at the mission station; the men were quartered in the surrounding villages. I presented them with sheep, goats, and bags of rice, and they made a great feast. They then treated us to a war dance, which was very interesting, as they appeared to attack each other with immense fury. Next morning, which was Sunday, they arrived just after the celebration of the Holy Communion, and again began dancing. Crowds of people came up to look on, but I felt such a desecration of Sunday could not be allowed. I asked one of my catechists to stop them; but they were so furious that he was afraid. Next I asked Kibanga to do so; but he said they were intoxicated with their victory, and while they remained in that state they would not listen to him. As I could get no one to stop them, and the native Christians were looking on curiously to see what I should do, I determined to try myself, and went into the midst of the dance, and told them it was God's day; that it was not right to dance on it, but it must be kept holy to God. I invited them to a special service to hear God's word, and told them they should dance as much as they pleased the next day. They cried "Vyedi" ("very good"), and at once stopped; and upon my invitation followed

me into the church. It was a striking scene. These fierce wild men thronged the church, and piled their weapons — guns and spears and swords — that had been so recently dyed with blood, against the sides of the church, while they attentively listened to the Gospel of Peace on earth, and good-will towards men. The strange words they then heard have without doubt been carried back to many a lonely village in the midst of primeval forests, there to be discussed over and over again around the village fire, and in time perhaps to produce fruit.

After the war was over, I heard the most gratifying accounts of the bravery of the catechumens and Christians in the battles; they put to shame the heathens, and much surprise was expressed that while many of the heathens who wore the most powerful war-charms were killed, not one of the Christians had been killed, although they wore no charms. This had the effect of somewhat shaking their faith in the power of charms to protect them.

We had now been living nearly two years at Magila, and had completely gained the confidence of the people; so much so, that all the Bondei chiefs held a council, and then sent a deputation to ask me to be the king of the Wabondei. They said they would not ask me to go to war if I thought it wrong, but only to give them counsel in war. The Bondei country originally formed part of the dominions of Kimweri, king of Usambara; but at his death, ten or eleven years before, his sons

quarrelled among themselves for the succession, and the empire was broken up, each son taking as much as he could get. Several of the outlying provinces, which had been conquered either by Kimweri or his father Mkande, among which was the country of Ubondei, declared themselves independent; and up to the present time the government has been a kind of republic. I told the chiefs that I was very pleased to find that they had such a good opinion of us as to offer me such a permanent and high position in their country; but that I had come there to teach them about God and His Son Jesus Christ. I said I had more work to do than I could manage, and if I became their king I must leave some of God's work undone; and that was impossible.

A few days afterwards they returned, and again urged me to be their king, but I definitely declined. They then asked me if I would give them counsel in their difficulties, and decide great cases of dispute, and of "law" (so to call it), for them. I told them that my advice they were always welcome to. Once more they came, and said if I would be their king they would make all the people follow our religion.

I replied, that it was useless for a man to follow the Christian religion outwardly only, but he must believe it from his heart. They left me very disappointed. After this we were enabled to prevent injustice, and frequently to protect innocent people. In one or two cases men who had unjustly been condemned to death by their chiefs, fled to us

demanding *haki* (justice), and our judgment in the case was final.

The following incidents will give you some idea of the social condition of the people who have not yet been brought under the influence of Christianity. A lad, named Baruti, came to me for justice. He said that he and his mother, returning one night from a journey, were benighted some distance from their own town. They went into one of the little field huts to sleep, and being very hungry picked two maboga, a sort of cucumber, to eat. In the morning the owner of the shamba or farm, who was also a chief, came with his slaves, and accused them of stealing. They offered to pay for the maboga, worth about one halfpenny, but this was refused. A goat and a cloth were then offered; so they seized the mother, and sent the boy for the goat and cloth. When he returned and offered them these things they refused them, saying they were not sufficient. They then sold the mother for a slave, and would have sold the boy, only he escaped for the moment. So they proceeded to the home of the poor woman, seized a younger son, whom they at once killed, and a daughter whom they sold. They then pursued the lad Baruti from place to place, until at last he fled to me as his only hope of safety. A chief, Mkonge, father-in-law of Michael Kifungiwi, who is a Christian, and son of the old king, Kimweri, was with me at the time. A letter had been sent to me by Kibanga to warn Mkonge that the Wabondei were determined to kill him, as they were sus-

picious that he would help the Wazegula and Wakalindi to invade the country again, and to tell him to fly to the mountains, where Kibanga would welcome him. Mkonge knew the lad's story, and corroborated it, but excused the wickedness of it by saying that, according to their "*desturi*," a thief was entirely in the power of the person from whom he had stolen. The lad said if I would give judgment in his favour he should be safe, for his enemies would not dare to touch him. I rather doubted this, as they lived a long way off, on the western borders of the country; but Mkonge said the boy was right, for all the people would be afraid to disobey my command. I indignantly denounced the murder, slavery, and destruction of a whole family, for no crime whatever. I asked Mkonge to protect the boy, and he most willingly promised to do so. I found that among the surrounding crowd the enemies of the lad had been standing, ready to seize him if I did not interfere in his favour.

Some time after this a slave, also named Baruti, came to Magila and begged my protection. He told me that he had fled from Tanga, where his master, an Indian British subject, named Ibrahim, had apprenticed him to a Swahili to learn blacksmithing. When Dr. Kirk freed the slaves of British subjects residing in Tanga, in 1875, Baruti, through living away from his master's house, was overlooked, and remained in slavery. His master, fearing to keep him, tried to sell him; but wanting a hundred dollars for him on account of his knowing a trade

(the usual price of ordinary slaves being twenty dollars), he had a difficulty in finding a purchaser. One day the master of a dhow, who fortunately happened to be a friend of Baruti, received orders to take him over to Pemba, as Ibrahim had sold him to a Pemba Arab. He at once told him that if he wanted to escape that fate he had better run away to the Mzungu (European). Baruti therefore came to me, and I took him under my protection. I found him a hard-working, intelligent blacksmith, earnest both in his work and in his prayers, for he was a Mohammedan. I took a great interest in him, and succeeded in showing him the folly of Islam, creating in him the desire to become a Christian. When I went down to Zanzibar I took him with me, that I might get his freedom declared, and also that he might seek a wife at our freed-slave village Mbweni, about four miles from the town of Zanzibar.

On arriving at Pangani I sent him, with a native boy, to buy food for the voyage. In a short time the boy ran back, saying, "Ee Baba! Wäarabu wamemkamata Baruti." ("Oh, father! the Arabs have caught Baruti.") I immediately went with him to the spot, and found Baruti lying on the ground, bound hand and foot, covered with dirt, blood running from his mouth, and four Tanga Arabs, armed to the teeth, beating him, and preparing to carry him off, while numbers of people stood round.

I at once sprang into the midst of them,

thrusting the Arabs aside, lifted up Baruti, and, turning to the bystanders, indignantly demanded a knife; after some hesitation one was handed to me, and in a moment he was free. Then, turning to the Arabs who had seized him, and telling them I would reckon with them hereafter, I carried Baruti away to my house, put him into an inner room, and loading my rifle, stood sentry at the front door, determined, if a rescue were attempted, to resist it to the utmost.

All this time I had been alone, for my people were all walking about the town. A great crowd collected before the door, the native black slaves rejoicing, and expressing their delight at my action, while the Arabs and Swahili slave-owners scowled fiercely, threatening what they would do unless I at once gave up the man to them. I remained, outwardly, calmly indifferent; but as soon as some of my people returned, I sent a messenger to the native chief—a friend of mine—who lived just out of the town, to tell him that perhaps I should want his assistance; and that he was to have a force ready to help me if the Arabs molested me. Another I sent to the Arab Wali, to complain of the outrage. An officer soon returned, and begged me to go with him to the Wali, for some Arabs were there demanding that Baruti should be given up to their friends. As I was leaving, Baruti earnestly begged me not to give him up.

When I arrived at the Governor's house the Arabs said Baruti was their slave, and that they

had had him for many years. This I flatly contradicted, and said, that although I had come before the Wali, I did not intend to give him up; that now he was under British protection, and that if they took him it must be by force. The Wali, who has been recently appointed, supported me, and told them if they wanted to obtain Baruti they must apply to Dr. Kirk for him. They then began to abuse and threaten me, declaring they would have him back, but were promptly turned out of the Court.

The next morning, before daybreak, I sailed for Zanzibar. The Arabs never appeared to claim Baruti; and by the advice of Dr. Kirk, H.M. Agent and Consul-General, I asked my friend, the Rev. Chauncy Maples—who was just starting to join Mr. Johnson at Masasi in the Nyassa country—to take him with him, for there he would be in his own country; so by this time he is restored a free man to his native land, where, as a Christian and a good artisan, he will be of great value to our new freed-slave settlement in the Nyassa country.

When I arrived at Zanzibar I found that Dr. Kirk had five freed slaves, natives of Usambara, who had been captured by one of H.M. boats, while being taken to Pemba. These I was enabled to send back at once to their homes. At the end of the month, when I returned, I took with me eight freed slaves, four of them natives of Magila, who had been stolen by Tanga Arabs when they were carrying their produce to the beach markets.

These have asked me to let them live at our station. I have given them land, and they have built houses for themselves.

It is impossible to describe the joy of the meeting again between these poor freed slaves and their long lost parents or wives and children, who had long given up all hope of ever seeing them again. They brought their presents of sheep and goats to the Mzungu, who had restored to them their loved ones; and their thankfulness amply repaid us for all the trouble and expense this restoration had cost.

Several Mohammedans have become Christians. In fact our first two converts were Mohammedans, sons of a Swahili Arab father and a native mother. These young men had to undergo persecution whenever they met their father's relatives on the coast. They were called apostates, and threatened with imprisonment until they recanted. They both stood steadfast in the faith of Christ; and the younger, Laurence Kombo, boldly preached Christ to his people, and argued with such effect with the Mualim, or leader of the prayers, that the Mualim was silenced, and had to retire defeated, while, strange to say, the relatives of Laurence were even proud of his knowledge. Khatibu, one of the principal men, told me afterwards, "that boy Kombo knows more of Islam, and the religion of Isa ibn Miriam, than our Mualim, and is evidently a Christian from conviction"—a fact which I think he previously doubted, thinking it

impossible that any Mohammedan could become a Christian unless he were well paid for it.

From the intense respect a father demands and receives from his sons, there is frequently a great difficulty in baptising the converted sons of bigoted parents. A few days before I left Magila, one of the native Christians told me that Alfred Mahuto's father was furious with him for being baptised and following the religion of Isa ibn Miriam. He said, "I am your father, and I won't have it; you shall take off that bit of ivory (a small cross), and have nothing more to do with the Mzungu. Their religion is all nonsense, and you are a fool to follow it." Alfred replied, "I am your son, I know, but I am a man now, and I have a right to follow God according to my conscience; but you, father, are living in sin, you are lost in your sins, you have no Saviour. Oh, do you join with me, and let us walk the road to heaven together." His father said, "What! you, my son, whom I brought into the world, you try to teach me, your father! Hold your tongue." Alfred replied, "Yes, father, I can teach you the way of God, I can tell you of a Saviour who died to save you." The father shouted, "Hold your tongue. I will not have you follow their religion; I will make you give it up." Alfred said, "Father, I will never leave it. Do what you will with me, nothing shall ever make me give up my Saviour." I won this young man in the first place by curing him of some wasting disease. He is one of the

gentlest and most fervent of our converts. He never misses one of the three Sunday services, and is always at the Sunday school; he cultivates as much land as anyone, and he is a pattern of industry.

And yet a work which promises such victories for our Lord's kingdom, seems likely to be abandoned for want of clergy. Surely a love of souls must burn sufficiently in the hearts of some men to induce them to give a portion of their lives for this work. I have been in Central Africa for rather more than three years, and I have found it necessary to return to England for the bracing effects of an English winter. Since my departure Magila has had to be left in the charge of a young deacon just ordained: there can therefore be no celebration of the Holy Communion unless the Bishop can go there. Is there no earnest priest willing to go out there for a time, and nourish these souls for whom Christ died?

Out of a staff of seven clergy, three are now in England, two to recruit their health, and one through the illness of his wife. The Bishop is left with one priest and three deacons to work the mission. That one priest, the Rev. Chauncy Maples, is now working at Masasi, a freed-slave settlement in the Nyassa country; but he will shortly have to return to England for a change. Will no one volunteer for a time to take his place?

The Bishop has three churches to serve in Zanzibar, and there is no priest to help him.

Numbers of young laymen offer for the work; but we want clergy, or graduates, whom the Bishop can ordain immediately they arrive in Zanzibar. You can well imagine the grief of our good Bishop, when he is forced to tell the native chiefs that he cannot do what they have asked at his hands. It is also a great grief to us, when we see souls dying for want of that Saviour they are longing and asking for, because there are no men to bring Him to them.

The work has many charms, the country is delightful, and the climate is not more unhealthy than India. I promised Bishop Steere to work three years in the mission; but I have found the work so interesting, and the affection of the people so great, that I cannot leave it or them, and next year I hope to return to Zanzibar. The language is not difficult now, and it is a very copious one.

But here I remind myself that before I conclude it is requisite to emphasise one point which I touched upon in the beginning of my letter. I have heard it said by one of my predecessors who accompanied Bishop Mackenzie at the outset of this mission, that when they first met Dr. Livingstone at the mouth of the Zambesi river in 1861, one little incident made his heart sink within him. In answer to an inquiry about the native languages, the old traveller said, "If you men have sufficiently reduced the language in twelve years so as to be able to preach to the natives, you will have done good work." It would be curious to trace out this

dictum through the varied fortunes of the mission, but I suspect something akin to a true prophecy lay within it. It is sufficient to say that nothing short of many years of hard, earnest labour with pen and printing press has brought about the desired end.

And what a glorious end it is! None should be so quick to appreciate it as those who find that they are even able to commence the study of Swahili and Yao before leaving England for Central Africa.

I know that many are deterred from taking up mission work to the heathen from the intolerable thought that however the heart shall burn within them from the very outset, it must nevertheless be weary years before they are at last able to speak with their own tongue! Their spirit sickens at the thought of the pile of note-books, and the slowly accumulating vocabularies.

Month by month they have heard that the life of a detective must be led if they hope to seize subtle idioms of native speech or drag forth from those depths where euphony hides them, participles and prefixes which are indispensable if the language is to be properly reduced.

It is impossible to value too highly the fact that in Bishop Steere the man has been found particularly fitted for this Herculean task, nor can one be too thankful that he has been upheld throughout his tremendous work.

Those who join us now have an advantage over

former recruits, which it seems only right to lay great stress upon, and so I have reverted to this subject of Swahili and Yao literature.

I trust you will pardon my apparent egotism in writing so much about myself, but as I wanted to give you as vivid a picture as possible of the work I have myself witnessed, I have been obliged to describe my own doings, and it was therefore unavoidable. It would indeed be a subject for great thankfulness if we could find six graduates or clergy who would volunteer for three years to work in the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

It is possible that these words may meet the eye of some to whom God will speak as He spoke to me; and, in any case, I am sure of your sympathy in connecting your name with this effort to extend our work, or rather to keep it from going to pieces.

I am,

Dear Dr. Liddon,

Yours most sincerely,

J. P. FARLER.

Choir House,
Dean's Court, E.C.,
October, 1878.